The right Chriſtian Prince my maſter, *Lewis* of France, is at hand, comming to viſit your Honours, directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* Earle of Bigot, to conferre with your honours.

*Pemb.* How neere is his Highneſſe?

*Meſ.* Ready to enter your preſence.

*Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.*

*Lew.* Faire Lords of England, *Lewis* ſalutes you all
As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale,
At whoſe requeſt from plenty-flowing France,
Croſſing the Ocean with a Southerne gale,
He is in perſon come at your commands,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulneſſe of your fauours proffered him.
But worlds braue men omitting promiſes,
Till time be miniſter of more amends,
I muſt acquaint you with our fortunes courſe.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct ſafe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With ſmall repulſe, and little croſſe of chance.
Your City Rocheſter with great applauſe,
By ſome diuine inſtinct laid armes aſide:
And from the hollow holes of Thameſis,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Viue la Roy*,
From thence along the wanton rowling glade
To Troynouant, your faire *Metropolis*,
With lucke came *Lewis* to ſhew his troopes of France,
Wauing our Enſignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
Where after ſome aſſault, and ſmall defence,
Heauens may I ſay, and not my warlike troupe,
Tempred their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compaſſe of their highbuilt wals,
Giuing me title, as it ſeemd they wiſh,





Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardneſſe,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds wiſh were mine in dying noted yours.

*Saliſ.* Welcome the balme that cloſeth vp our wounds
The ſoueraigne medcine for our quick recure,
The anchor of our hope, the only prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as ſheepe without their heard,
(Except a ſhepheard wincking at the wolfe)
We ſtray, we pine, we run to thouſand harmes.
No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

*Lew.* Thankes to you all of this religious League,
A holy knot of Catholicke conſent.
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
But like a ſtranger vnacquainted yet,
In generall I promiſe faithfull loue:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to S *Edmunds* ſhrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Chriſtian oath,
That this aſſembly came deuoted heere,
To ſweare according as your packets ſhow'd,
Homage and loyall ſeruice to our ſelfe,
I need not doubt the ſuretie of your wills,
Since well I know for many of your ſakes,
The Townes haue yeelded on their owne accords:
Yet for a faſhion, not for misbeliefe,
My eyes muſt witneſſe, and theſe eares muſt heare
Your oath vpon the holy Altar ſworne,
And after march to end our commings cauſe.

*Saliſ.* That we intend no other then good truth,
All that are preſent of the holy league,
For confirmation of our better truſt,
In preſence of his Highneſſe, ſweare with me,
The ſequel that my ſelfe ſhall vtter heere.